

AFTER THE FLOOD.

Heartrending Scenes in Conemaugh's Valley of Death.

Horrors Witnessed During a Walk Along the Torrent's Path.

Thrilling Stories and Pathetic Incidents of the Inundation

A Swath of Death Thirteen Miles Long—Dead Bodies and Wrecked Houses Everywhere—The Survivors Sleeping on the Ground—Roughs Invade the Stricken Town—An Estimate of the Loss of Life.

A correspondent of the New York World, who was among the first to reach Johnstown after the awful disaster, sent the following vivid description of what he saw:

I have just come from Johnstown proper, over a rope bridge which was completed this afternoon. I reached there at 5 o'clock last night, and tell only what I did see and do know.

The mighty wave that rushed through this Conemaugh valley on Friday evening cut a swath of death thirteen miles long. In its way lay one of the most thickly populated centres of the Keystone State, and within a few minutes from the time the dam at Lake Conemaugh broke houses were rolling over one another in a mad whirl as they were carried by the seething waters down the gorge between the

Endless hills. At Johnstown the whole center of the city was cut as if a mammoth scythe had passed over the land. At that place was a large stone bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, one of the strongest that that company owns. The Conemaugh River is crossed by it at an angle. Into this angle houses, trees and fences that came down the left side of the river rushed and were piled one upon another until the arches under the bridge were closed, and the wreckage began to pile on high until rafters and timbers projected above the stone. Then the houses, nearly all crowded with people, crashed one after another until this terrible wreckage extended a half mile up the stream. No pen can tell the horror of the shrieks of the thousands who were in the mass of floating ruin.

Shortly after the blockade had formed, the dry timbers of the houses caught fire and the mass nearest the railroad bridge became a glowing furnace. Hundreds of people who had not been drowned or crushed in the mad rush downstream were burned alive. Their shrieks as the flames reached them made the most stout-hearted wince their hands in agony at their inability to render assistance. The wind blew from upstream. The air became filled with the gruesome odors of burning human flesh until at last the horrors to sight, hearing and smell became so great that persons in the vicinity were forced to leave the place. Meanwhile the greater bulk of houses had gone down along the right bank. One mad rush carried away a portion of the stone bridge, and then the flood bore down upon the thousands of homes and floated them further westward in the Conemaugh.

It was only a little after five on Friday afternoon when the first warning came. It had been raining heavily all day the citizens of Johnstown and the neighboring hamlets thought that the slowly rising waters only meant a light flood. Thus the inhabitants were either grouped in windows or in the open doors, watching what they expected would be an imposing spectacle, but nothing more. No one seemed to think it necessary that they should take to the hills, and so all were caught in the fearful rush.

Walking in the Torrent's Path.

I walked late yesterday afternoon from New Florence to a place opposite Johnstown, a distance of four miles. I describe what I actually saw. All along the way bodies were seen lying on the river banks. In one place a woman was half buried in the mud, only a limb showing. In another was a mother with a babe clasped to her breast. Further along lay a husband and wife, their arms wound around each other's necks. Probably fifty bodies were seen on that side of the river, and it must be remembered that here the current was the swiftest, and consequently fewer of the dead were landed among the bushes. On the opposite side bodies could also be seen, but they were all covered with mud. Near Johnstown the wreckage became grand in its massive proportions.

The scenes, as I neared Johnstown, were the most heartrending. The man was ever called to look upon. Probably the thousands of people were scattered in groups along the Pennsylvania Railroad track and every one of them had a relative lying dead either in the wreckage above, in the river below, or in the still burning furnace. Not a house that was left standing was in plumb. Hundreds of them were turned on their sides and in some cases three or four stood one on top of the other. Two miles from Johnstown, on the opposite side of the river from where I walked, stood one-half of the water-works of the Cambria Iron Company, a structure that had been built of massive stone. It was filled with planks from houses, and a large amount of wreckage was piled up fully fifty feet in front of it. A little above, on the same side, could be seen what was left of the Cambria Iron Works, which was one of the finest plants in the world. Some of the walls are still standing, it is true, but not a vestige of the valuable machinery remained in sight. The two upper portions of the works were swept away almost entirely, and under the pieces of fallen iron and wood could be seen the bodies of more than forty workmen.

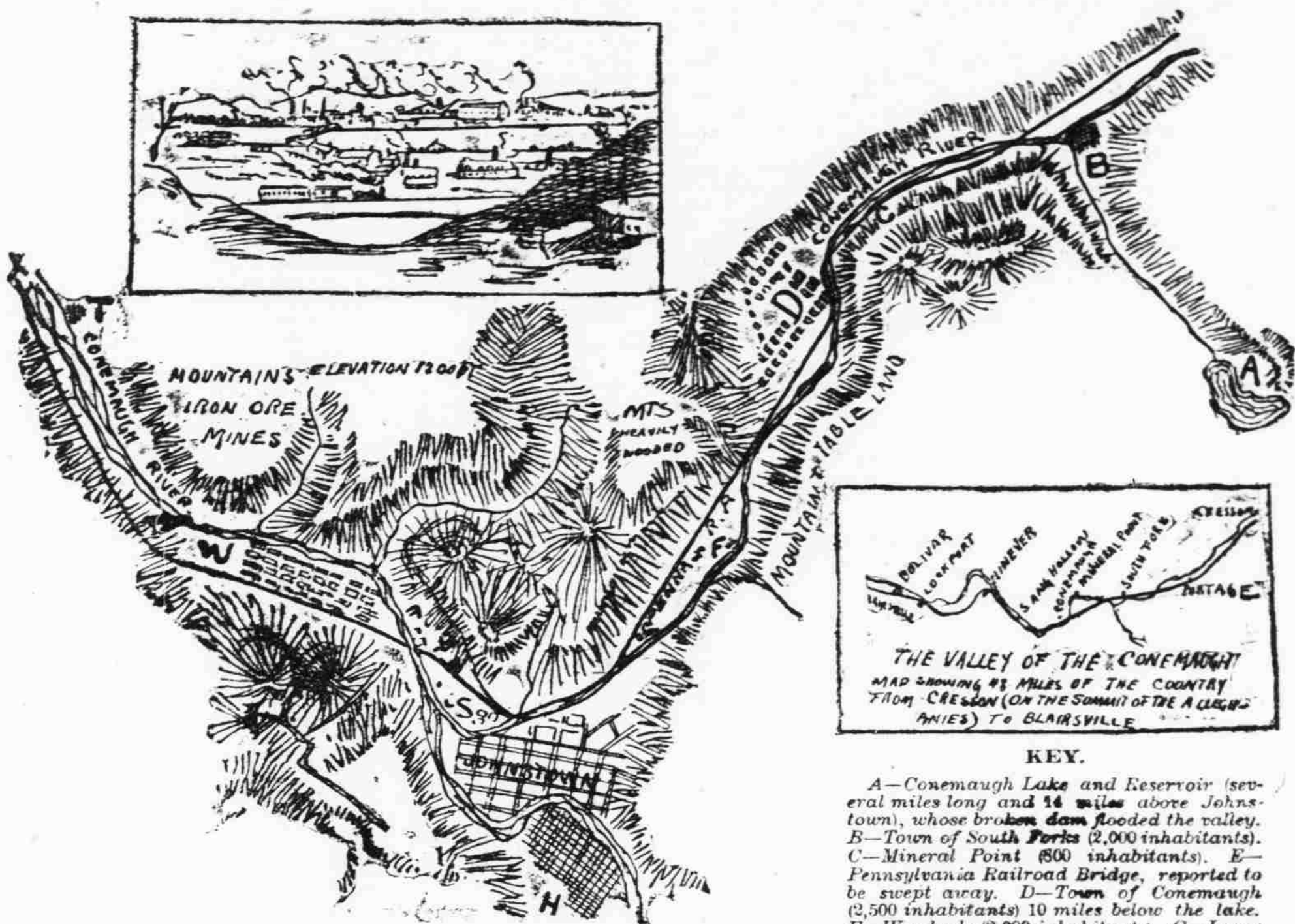
At this point there is a bend in the river and the fiery furnace blazing for a quarter of a mile square above the stone bridge came into view.

"My God!" screamed a woman who was hastening up the track, "can it be that any are in there?"

"Yes, over a thousand," replied a man who had just come from the neighborhood, and it is now learned that he estimated the number at one thousand too low.

The scenes of misery and suffering and agony and despair can hardly be chronicled. One man, a clerk named Woodruff, was reeling along intoxicated. Suddenly, with a frantic shout, he threw himself over the bank into the flood and would have been carried to his death had he not been caught by some persons below. "Let me die," he exclaimed, when they rescued him. "My wife and children are gone; I have no use for my life." An hour later I saw Woodruff lying on the ground entirely overcome by horror.

An Accurate Diagram of the Upper Conemaugh Valley, Showing the Lake and Reservoir, Which Were the Source of the Unparalleled Inundation.—Secured from Pennsylvania State Geological Survey, and kindly loaned us by the Baltimore, Md., HERALD.—See Key Below.



The picture in the upper left-hand corner shows the City of Johnstown 1½ miles distant as photographed by the Cambria Iron Co.

Persons who knew him said that he had never tasted liquor before.

Toughs Invade the Stricken Town.

Probably fifty barrels of whisky were washed ashore just below Johnstown, and those men who had lost everything in this world sought solace in the fiery liquid. So it was that as early as 6 o'clock last night the shrieks and cries of women were intermingled with drunkards' howls and curses. What was worse than anything, however, was the fact that incoming trains from Pittsburgh brought hundreds of toughs who joined with the Slaves and Bohemians in rifling the bodies, stealing furniture, insulting women and endeavoring to assume control of any rescuing parties that tried to seek the bodies under the bushes and in the limbs of trees. There was no one in authority, no one to take command of even a citizens' posse could it have been organized. A lawless mob seemed to control this narrow neck of land that was the only approach to the city of Johnstown. I saw persons take watches from dead men's jackets and brutally tear finger-rings from the hands of women. The ruffians also climbed into the overturned houses and ransacked the rooms, taking whatever they thought valuable. No one dared check them in this work, and consequently the scene was not as riotous as it would have been if the toughs had not had sway. In fact, they became beastly drunk after a time and were seen lying around in a stupor.

The Death Score.

The committee at Johnstown in their last bulletin placed the number of lives lost at eight thousand. In doing so they are figuring the inhabitants of their own city and the towns immediately adjoining. But it must be remembered that the tidal wave swept ten miles through a populous district before it even reached the locality over which this committee has supervision. It devastated a tract the size and shape of Manhattan Island. Here are a few facts that will show the geographical outlines of the terrible disaster: The Hotel Hurlburt, of Johnstown, a massive three-story building of 100 rooms, has vanished. There were in it seventy-five guests at the time of the flood. Two only are now known to be alive. The Merchants Hotel is leveled. How many were inside it is not known, but as yet no one has been seen who came from there or heard of an inmate escaping. At the Conemaugh round house forty-one locomotives were swept down the stream, and before they reached the stone bridge all the iron and steel work had been torn from their boilers. It is almost impossible in this great catastrophe to go more into details.

I stood on the stone bridge at 6 o'clock and looked into the sea of blackened bodies of a babe was seen; in another, fourteen skulls could be counted. Further along the bones became thicker and thicker, until at last at one place it seemed as if a concourse of people who had been at a ball or entertainment, had been carried in a bunch and incinerated. At this time the smoke was still rising to the height of fifty feet, and it is expected that when it dies down the charred bodies will be seen dotting the entire mass of burned debris.

Sleeping on the Ground.

I walked along the hillside and saw hundreds of persons lying on the wet grass wrapped in blankets or quilts. It was growing cold and a misty rain had set in. Shelter was not to be had, and houses on the hillside that had not been swept away were literally packed from top to bottom. The bare necessities of life were soon at a premium and loaves of bread sold at fifty cents. Fortunately, however, the relief train from Pittsburgh arrived at 7 o'clock. Otherwise the horrors of starvation would have been added. All provisions, however, had to be carried over a rough rocky road a distance of four miles (as I knew, who had been compelled to walk it), and in many cases they were seized by the toughs, and the people who were in need of food did not get it. It may sound strange to say much about the damage to property, but it must be remembered that the living are those who now suffer and aid is asked for the thousands who are left homeless and without a change of clothing. The damages, including personal losses, cannot fall short of \$40,000,000.

I learned in Johnstown that the Great Charters Steel Works are swept away with all the valuable machinery. This alone entails a loss of \$2,000,000. One million will not make the Cambria Iron Works whole. Rich and poor were served alike by this terrible disaster. I saw a girl standing in her bare feet on the river's bank clad in a loose petticoat and with a saw over her head. At first I thought she was an Italian woman, but

her face showed that I was mistaken. She was the belle of the town—the daughter of a wealthy Johnstown banker—and this single petticoat and shawl were not only all that was left her, but all that was saved from the magnificent residence of her father. She had escaped to the hills not an instant too soon.

A Thrilling Story.

James M. Walters, an attorney, spent the night in Alma Hall, Johnstown, and relates a thrilling story. One of the most curious circumstances of the whole disaster was how Mr. Walters got to the hall. He has his office on the second floor. His home is at 135 Walnut street. He says he was in the house with his family when the waters struck it. All was carried away. Mr. Walters' family drifted on a roof in another direction. He passed down several streets and alleys, until he came to the hall. His dwelling struck that edifice, and he was thrown into his own office. About 200 persons had taken refuge in the hall, and were on the second, third and fourth stories. The men held a meeting and drew up some rules which all were bound to respect. Mr. Walters was chosen President. The Rev. Mr. Beale was put in charge of the first floor, A. M. Hart of the second floor, Dr. Matthews of the fourth floor. No lights were allowed, and the whole night was spent in darkness. The sick were cared for. The weaker women and children had the best accommodations that could be had, while the others had to wait. The scenes were most agonizing. Heartrending shrieks, sobs and moans pierced the gloomy darkness. The crying of children mingled with the suppressed sobs of the women. Under the guardianship of the men all took more hope. No one slept during all the long dark night. Many knelt for hours in prayer, their supplications mingled with the roar of the waters and the shrieks of the dying in the surrounding houses. In all this misery two women gave premature birth children. Dr. Matthews is a hero. Several of his ribs were crushed by a falling timber and his pains were most severe, yet through all he attended the sick. When two women in a house across the street shouted for help, he with two other brave young men climbed across the drift and ministered to their wants. No one died during the night, but women and children surrendered their lives on the succeeding day as a result of terror and fatigue. Miss Rose Young, one of the young ladies in the hall, was frightfully cut and bruised. Mrs. Young had a leg broken. All of Mr. Walters' family were saved.

Pathetic Incidents.

The sad scenes will never all be written. One lady told me of seeing her mother crushed to pieces just before the young man climbed across the drift and down the stream. William Varner lost six children and saved a babe about eighteen months old. His wife died just three weeks ago. An aged German, his wife and five daughters floated down on their house to a point below Nineveh, where the house was wrecked. The five daughters were drowned, but the old man and his wife stuck in a tree and hung there for twenty-four hours before they could be taken off.

One of the most pitiful sights of this terrible disaster came to my notice when the body of a young lady was taken out of the Conemaugh River. The woman was apparently quite young, though her features were terribly disfigured. Nearly all the clothing except the shoes was torn off the body. The corpse was that of a mother, for although cold in death the woman clasped a young male babe, apparently not more than half an old, tightly in her arms. The little one was huddled close up to its mother's face, had evidently raised the babe to her lips to imprint upon its little lips the last motherly kiss it was to receive in this world. The sight was a pathetic one and turned many a stout heart to tears.

Among the miraculous escapes to be recorded in connection with the great disaster is that of George J. Leas and family. He resided on Iron street, Johnstown. When the rush of water came there were eight people on the roof. The little house swung around off its moorings and floated about for nearly half an hour before it came up against the bank of drift above the stone bridge. A three-year-old girl with sunny golden hair and dimpled cheeks prayed all the while that God would save them, and it seemed that God really answered the prayer of this innocent little girl and directed the house against the drift, enabling every one of the eight to get off. Mrs. Leas carried the little girl in her arms, and how she got off she doesn't know. Every house around them, she said, was crushed, and the people either killed or drowned.

Harrowing Story of an Eye-Witness.

A correspondent telegraphs a word-picture

of Johnstown as it looked after the subsidence of the flood. He says:

"The point of observation was on the hillside, midway between the woolen mills of Woodvale and Johnstown proper, which I reached after a journey through the portions of the city from which the waters, receding fast, are revealing scenes of unparalleled horror. From the point on the hillside referred to, an excellent view of the site of the town can be obtained. Here it can be seen that from the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad which winds along the base of Prospect Hill, to a point at which St. John's Catholic Church formerly stood, and from the stone bridge to Conemaugh, on the Conemaugh River, but twelve houses are left standing, and they are in such a condition as to be practically useless. To any one familiar with the geography of the iron city of Cambria County, this will convey a vivid idea of a swath averaging one-half mile in width and three miles in length. In all the length and breadth of the most peaceful and costly portion of Johnstown not a single remains, except those adhering to the buildings mentioned.

"But do not think for an instant that this comprehends in full the awfulness of the scene. What has just been mentioned is a waste of large territory swept as clean as if by a gigantic broom. In the other direction, along the course of Stony Creek, as far as Alexander Kennedy's, the President of the town council, some few of the houses still remain, but they are upside down, piled on top of each other, and in many ways so torn asunder that not a single one of them is available for any purpose whatsoever. It is in this district that the loss of life has been heartrending. Bodies are being dug up in every direction.

"On the main street from which the waters have receded sufficiently to render access and work possible, bodies are being exhumed. They are as thick as potatoes in a field. Those in charge seem to have the utmost difficulty in securing the removal of bodies after they have been found.

"At the public schoolhouse the scene beggars description. Boards have been laid from desk to desk, and as fast as the hands of a large body of men and women can put the remains in recognizable shape, they are laid out for possible identification, and removed as quickly as possible. Seventy-five still remain, although many have been taken away, and they are being brought in every moment. It is something horrifying to see one portion of the huge school taken up by rows and rows of corpses, each with a clean white sheet covering it, and on the other side of the room a promiscuous heap of bodies in all sorts of shapes and conditions, looking for all the world like decaying tree trunks. Among the number identified are two beautiful young ladies named respectively Mrs. Richardson, who was a teacher in the kindergarten school, and Miss Lottie Yost, whose sister I afterward noticed at one of the corners near by, weeping as if her heart was broken. Not a single acquaintance did she count in all of the great throng who passed her by, although many of them tendered sincere sympathy, which was accentuated by their own losses."

A Paul Revere Among the Dead.

A nameless Paul Revere lies somewhere among the nameless dead. Who he is may never be known, but his ride will be famous in local history. Mounted on a grand bay horse, he came riding down the pike which passes through Conemaugh to Johnstown like some angel of wrath of old shouting his portentous warning: "Run for your lives to the hills!" "Run to the hills!" The people crowded out of their houses along the thickly settled street, awestruck and wondering. Nobody knew the man, and some thought he was a maniac and laughed. On at a quick pace he rode, and shrilly rang out his awful cry. In a few moments, however, there came a cloud of ruin down the broad streets, down the narrow alleys, grinding, twisting, hurling, overturning, crushing, annihilating the weak and the strong. It was the charge of the flood, wearing its coronet of ruin and devastation, which grew at every instant of its progress. Forty feet high, some say, thirty according to others, was this sea, and it traveled with a swiftness like that which lay hidden in the heels of Mercury. On and on raced the rider, and on and on rushed the wave. Dozens of people took heed of the warning and ran up to the hills. Poor faithful rider; it was an unequal contest. Just as he turned across the railroad bridge the mighty wave fell upon him, and horse, rider and bridge all went into chaos together. A few feet further on several cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad train from Pittsburgh were caught up and hurled into the cauldron and the heart of the town reached at the hero, who turned neither to

right nor left for safety for himself, but rode on to death for his townsmen.

An Estimate of the Number of Dead.

Adjutant-General Hastings, whose bureau at Johnstown is endeavoring to make something like a complete record of the number of bodies found, sent to Governor Beaver on Monday his official estimate that at least 5000 deaths would be absolutely proven. This does not include the large number of deaths that will never be known of positively, and General Hastings' own estimate of the total is 8000.

The loss of property will be far up into the millions, but no one thinks of that. The tale of the dead is bad, says a dispatch, but the tale of the living is bad, too, and it must have attention. There are as many of them as of the dead, and they are hard pressed for food, clothing and all the necessities of life. Their necessity will continue, not for a day, nor for a week, but for months. They are as destitute of all that goes to support life, except the bare breath in their bodies, as are the very dead whose half-nude bodies line the banks of the Conemaugh for miles. Their ordinary means of earning a livelihood are gone, with the rest of the town, but there is abundant work for every one. But there must be money to pay the workmen. Food for the immediate necessity of the people in Johnstown itself is coming in from every side, and there is enough to relieve their wants.

GOV. BEAVER'S APPEAL.

An Urgent Call for Help From Pennsylvania's Chief Executive.

Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, has issued an appeal for aid. It is addressed to the people of the United States. He says:

"Newspaper reports as to the loss of life and property have not been exaggerated. The valley of the Conemaugh, which is peculiarly liable to such disasters, has been swept from the bosom of destruction. It contained a population of 40,000 to 50,000 people, living for the most part along the banks of a small river confined within narrow limits. The most conservative estimates place the loss of life at 5000 human beings and of property at \$25,000,000.

"Those who are least able to bear it have suffered the loss of everything. The most pressing needs, so far as food is concerned, have been supplied. Shoes and clothing of all sorts for men, women and children are greatly needed. Money is also urgently required to remove the debris, bury the dead, and care temporarily for widows and orphans and for the homeless generally.

"A careful organization has been made upon the ground for the distribution of whatever assistance is furnished in kind. The Adjutant-General of the State is there as the representative of the State authorities, and is giving personal attention in connection with the chief burgess of Johnstown, and a committee of relief to the distribution of the help which is furnished. Funds contributed in aid of the sufferers can be deposited with Drexel & Co., Philadelphia; Jacob E. Bonberger, banker, Harrisburg, or William R. Thompson & Co., bankers, Pittsburgh. All money contributed will be used carefully and judiciously.

"The people of the Commonwealth and others, whose unselfish generosity is hereby heartily appreciated and acknowledged, may be assured that their contributions will be faithfully husbanded and judiciously expended, and that every effort possible will be made to bring their benefactions to the immediate and direct relief of those for whose benefit they are intended."

A GOLDEN STREAM.

Seventeen Cities in One Day Subscribed \$564,200 for the Flood Victims.

These are the totals of the sums raised in seventeen cities on the first day that subscription were opened for the sufferers at Johnstown:

Philadelphia	\$230,000
Pittsburgh	150,000
New York	110,000
Chicago	20,000
Bethlehem, Penn.	15,000
Lancaster, Penn.	8,200
Cincinnati	6,800
Boston	4,000
Easton, Penn.	4,000
Allentown, Penn.	3,000
Baltimore	3,000
Harrisburg, Penn.	2,100
Trenton, N. J.	2,000
Jacksonville, Florida	2,000
Scranton, Penn.	1,500
West Chester, Penn.	1,000
Albany, N. Y.	1,000
Total	\$564,200

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.	
Beef—Prime	3 50 @ 4 60
Milk Cows, com. to good	25 00 @ 45 00
Calves, common to prime	2 50 @ 5 50
Sheep—Prime	4 25 @ 5 50
Lamb—Prime	6 70 @ 8 00
Hogs—Live	4 90 @ 5 30
Dressed	6 3/4 @ 8
Flour—City Mill Extra	4 30 @ 4 55
Patents	5 15 @ 6 25
Wheat—No. 2 Red	82 3/4 @ 83
Rye—State	54 @ 55
Barley—Two-rowed State	— @ 85
Corn—Ungraded Mixed	40 @ 43
Oats—No. 1 White	26 @ 28
Mixed Western	26 @ 30
Hay—No. 1	8 1/2 @ 90
Straw—Long Rye	70 @ 75
Lard—City Steam	— @ 6.55c
Butter—Elgin Creamery	20 @ 21
Dairy, fair to good	15 @ 18
West. Im. Creamery	9 @ 15
Factory	8 @ 11 1/4
Cheese—State Factory	8 @ 11
Skims—Light	7 1/4 @ 9
Western	— @ 9
Eggs—State and Penn.	14 @ 14 1/4

BUFFALO.	
Steers—Western	3 00 @ 4 30
Sheep—Medium to Good	4 00 @ 4 25
Lamb—Fair to Good	4 00 @ 4 50
Hogs—Good to Choice Yorks	4 65 @ 5 75
Flour—Family	5 00 @ 5 25
Wheat—No. 2 Northern	81 1/2 @ 83
Corn—No. 3, Yellow	— @ 37 1/2
Oats—No. 2, White	— @ 31
Barley—No. 1 Canada	— @ 74

BOSTON.	
Flour—Spring Wheat Pat's	5 85 @ 6 40
Corn—Steamer Yellow	46 @ 47 1/2
Oats—No. 2 White	32 @ 41
Rye—State	65 @ 70

WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.	
Beef—Dressed weight	5 1/4 @ 6 1/2
Sheep—Live weight	3 3/4 @ 4 1/4
Lamb	— @ 6 1/2
Hogs—Northern	5 @ 5 1/2

PHILADELPHIA.	
Flour—Penn. family	4 25 @ 4 50
Wheat—No. 2, Red, May	90 @ 91
Corn—No. 2, Mixed, May	— @ 40 1/2
Oats—Ungraded White	— @ 32
Potatoes—Early Rose	25 @ 33
Butter—Creamery Extra	— @ 17
Cheese—Part skims	6 @ 8